Volume XI. Boomer, North Carolina, October, 1921. Number 8.

MAYBE THEY WILL.

Maybe they'll hang Arbuckle—
He needs it, I suppose;
And maybe they'll try to purify
And clean up the movie shows.

Maybe they'll jail old Simmons—
He must be a turbul man;
And maybe they'll fight for what is right,
And stamp out the Ku Klux Klan.

Maybe they'll junk the navies,
And disband the armies too;
They will bime-by, but you'd better not try
To hold your breath till they do.

The "Amateurish" Head.

It is none of my business, I know, but the execution of your top front page illustration of the fools, being so amateurish, tends to give a weakening impression of the many good things your paper contains. Undoubtedly you will some day improve upon the execution of it.

FRANK STEWART.
854 Clairmont Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.

Well, now, maybe there is something in that. I admit that the heading design isn't a very high grade of art work. But there is one advantage about it—I made it my very own self. Away back yander in 1910 when I first started The Fool-Killer, I took myself off to one side and had a long talk with myself about the matter of a heading design for the paper. We talked about getting an artist to do the work, but neither of us had money enough to pay an artist. So I said to myself:

"You draw it yourself."

And myself replied:

"All right, I will."

And myself did.

When myself got the drawing done and showed it to me I didn't like it very well, but thought it would do. And I have made it do until now.

But of course it does look "amateurish," and is getting considerably worn. So maybe I had better try to get a better one purty soon.

THAT HEATHEN CONFAB.

My very eminently respectable orthodox friend, Mr. Archibald Johnson, the able editor of Charity and Children, is generally supposed to be an incurable optimist. But it seems that the general hellbentness of the times is beginning to tell on Editor Johnson's nerves. In a recent editorial touching on and appertaining to the forthcoming Disagreement Conference, he ruminates in the manner following:

"Perhaps few of our people have realized the tremendous importance of the conference to be held in Washington by the foremost nations of the world beginning on the day the armistice was signed three years ago. If that conference fails to hasten the day of universal peace for which the weary world is longing, the outlook is dark indeed. It is proposed by the Presbyterians of the South that a day of prayer be appointed by all Christian denominations, that the Lord will lead the nations in this great conference to sound and safe and righteous conclusions. That greed of gain shall have no place in the counsels of the wise men, and that each nation shall have one end and aim in view, and that the general good of all. This suggestion, which has been made by our brethren, is eminently wise, and we hope Christians of every name will fall in with the proposal and that millions of the Lord's children on the designated day on bended knee will ask for divine guidance to the representatives assembled in our national capital. If ever there was need for a national prayer meeting that time is now."

Well, yes.

It is important in a way.

At least, it ought to be.

It could be a very important step toward peace if the real friends of peace had charge of it. But since the whole thing will be made up of slick-duck politicians, each one scheming to feather his own national nest, the chances are ten to one that it will be a step AWAY from peace and toward another big war.

"If that conference fails..... the outlook is dark indeed," wails Editor Johnson.

Well, Mister Johnson, I regret to break the sad news to you, but it will fail. Just as sure as God is in heaven, it will fail. And from a human standpoint the outlook certainly is dark. But there is a bright side to it that you do not see. However, there is no use to tell you about that—you wouldn't believe it.

There are several reasons why the Disagreement Conference will be just that and nothing else. To start with, the conference will be composed of the wrong sort of men, and they will come with selfish and dishonest motives. And besides that, they will try to do it all in their own human strength, without even a bare acknowledgement that a Higher Power exists. They will simply ignore God in all their deliberations, just like they did at Versailles three years ago. Even if the so-called Christian nations were really Christian—and they are not—they would still have Japan and China to deal with, and it would be an insult to Japan and China to mention any God except a wooden one. Our good Christian nations will think it is more important to please the heathen than to please God, and so they will just leave God out of it. Just watch and see if they don't.

And yet I am invited to get down and dirty my new breeches praying to God to guide, direct and bless a gang of heathens who will not even acknowledge that there is any God. Well, I just ain't going to do it. I am very well satisfied that God knows His business, and if He wants to bless that heathen conference that is ashamed of His very name, He can do it without any advice from me.

This conference, you understand, is going to be a purely human effort to prop up the old tottering nations. Well, according to prophecy the time has come for them to fall, and I don't believe God wants them propped up. I believe He is just letting the wicked nations destroy themselves, after which He will set up His Kingdom here on the earth.

The failure of this conference is inevitable, and let it come. I repeat it, let it come. The faster we can plunge on through this nasty mess the sooner we will be out of it and into the Golden Age.

"PRETENDERS."

In discussing the Debs case one day, somebody asked me this question:

"Does Debs pretend to be a Christian?"

I replied:

"NO! He does not PRETEND! He IS! It is so much of this infernal 'pretending' to be a Christian that has brought the world to the brink of ruin."

And that is the God's truth. The men now in power at Washington are all great "pretenders," and that is why they continue to keep America's best Christian in jail.

When Jesus Christ began his ministry in Palestine he had eleven true disciples and one old "pretender" named Rev. Judas. But in America today he has just about forty million Rev. Judas "pretenders" and just a few true disciples. Debs is the most noted of the true disciples, and there are a few others. And most of them are in jail, or have been recently.

No man can be an absolutely true follower of Jesus Christ in America today and keep out of jail. But he can be a "pretender" and get elected president of the Benited States.

God pity a land where "pretenders" rule and true Christians rot in filthy jails!

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson - - - Editor
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Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

Reduced Rates

Well, folkses, I have decided to risk my chances on putting The Fool-Killer back to its old price. Print paper is still costing me twice as much as it did before the war; but the general trend of prices is downward, and I want to give my readers the benefit of all possible reduction, because I know times are hard and money scarce.

So please tell everybody you see and send word to the rest that they can now get The Fool-Killer again at the old price—25 cents for a single susbcription, or 15 cents each in clubs of five or more at one time.

Now please rush in the subs like you did in the old days, and I'll do my level best to keep 'em awake.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this rag of reform.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor, and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will, and that settles it.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Boomer, N. C.

PARAGRAPHS.

It will soon be time to put on another quilt.

Yes, honey, the world is getting no better awful fast.

It isn't always the longest prayer that punches down an answer.

After all, sole-leather is about as cheap as gasoline, and a whole lot healthier.

If the year keeps on going till it stops, how many miles will it be till Christmas?

Prosperity? Yes-sir-ee! Even the soup-house business is beginning to prosper.

It seems, after all, that they have just invited China's left hind foot to the disagreement fuss.

The people who perished to death before the famine came will never know what they missed.

Why don't some kind-hearted inventor get up in his sleep and invent a smokeless cigarette?

People sometimes get so doggon full of "religion" that there ain't any room in them for common honesty.

The U. S. Senate with Tom Watson in it is like a can of rotten oysters with a dynamite in the middle of it.

Well, the old year 1921 has quit Septembering for this time, and now it is going to do some Octobering for awhile.

Instead of thinking twice before they speak, some people just talk continually and never think any at all.

That awful smell you see coming from the east is nothing but cigar smoke. The Leegonashuns is in session over there again.

In times of capitalistic "prosperity" the under dogs are told that they must "work or starve." But in times like these they cut out the alternative of "work" and simply tell the pore devils to "starve." Cold comfort!

Early in the present year somebody started the motto, "1921 Will Reward Fighters." And the soldier boys thought that meant a bonus for them, but they are about to slip up and miss it. They will very likely get more fighting to do, but some other fellow will get the reward.

If an original thought should go to kicking around in the average man's head, the lice would think it was an earthquake.

Blessed is the man who stays out of a flying machine, for he can have the fun of getting killed some other way.

And you'd better get some beef tallow and grease up them old brogans. Maybe they'll last another winter.

The Retroublicans can now understand how the Dummycats used to feel. Wow! What'll you have next? Speak up.

What about them old last winter's breeches? Better hunt 'em up and get the old woomern to patch the gable eend of 'em.

The man who thinks with his belly can usually turn out a better grade of thunks when he gets right plum good and hungry.

I notice that the people who talk about the advantage of being poor are always willing to give somebody else that advantage. Take a piece.

If Norman Happen-to-be-good continues to make progress at his present rate, he will be ready to vote for Debs in 1924.

The way orthodox churchanity makes goo-goo eyes at this-here pay-triotic plutocracy reminds me of a barrel of dried fish trying to make love to a keg of nails.

If you've got any disagreeing you want done, just box it up and ship it to Washington about November 11th. The Disagreement Conference will attend to it for you.

I know lots of church members who think so much of their religion and want to take such good care of it that they never use it except on Sunday. And even then they are mighty particular about who rubs up against it.

The present administration has made 47 different promises to release Debs, and has followed them up with 47 different excuses for not doing it. And nary one of the 47 excuses was the true reason. The real reason why Debs is not released is the identical same reason why Jesus was not released—because he is in the hands of a blind and ignorant set of Mammon worshippers who never will learn any sense until the wrath of God falls on them like the side of a mountain falling on a nest of snake-eggs.

A preacher in this community recently boasted that he didn't know anything and didn't want to know anything. Well, if ignorance is what it takes to make a preacher, that feller shore has got it. Let us pray.

If it wasn't for the trouble we have in life we would all get so satisfied that we would be plum miserable. Blessed is the man who has just enough trouble to keep him happy.

It may be that the millionaire is the poor man's friend, after all. He claims that his riches are a sight of trouble, and he is doing his doggondest to keep the poor man from having any trouble of that sort.

I often hear people say that if they had their lives to live over again they would do better next time. And yet they don't make any effort to do better with what they've got left of this life. Well, people are quair things, anyhow.

I have often noticed that the less a preacher knows the more fuss he can make. His brains evidently leak down into his chest and all turn to lungs.

Senator Capper's Man Friday has rolled up his sleeves to try to demolish Socialism. And his poor little argument reminds me of a dry-land terrapin trying to convince a whale that the ocean is made out of saw-dust.

Real genuine Christianity is like pure gold—the more you use it the brighter it gets. But most of this-here stuff they call Christianity these days is plated stuff and soon wears thru to the black. How is yours, mister?

Eugene Debs has just three chances to get out of prison. First, he may die out. Second, he may live till his ten-year sentence expires. Third, he may be voted out of prison and into the Presidency in 1924. Let us hope that the third chance wins.

I know of some people who "git religion" at the "big meeting" about once a year, and then lose it before they get home from meeting. Such people are to be pitied. They wouldn't know a real case of religion if they met it in the road, and they couldn't tell the grace of God from a barrel of rain water.

Of course some of you will think that old Pearson is crazy. But just wait and watch things happen. Then think some more. Last thoughts are better.

G-U-U-R-R-A-A-T-E GOLLY!

Shades of Napoleon!
Here we come!
Head us!

And so here is a sample of how awful bad the great statesmen of the world want peace and disarmament.

I clip the following news story from one of the big plute papers, and I am going to give you the headlines, sub-heads and all, so you can see just how sincere they are in their disarmament talk.

All the way from President Hardtimes on down—or up, whichever it is—they have no notion of trying to disarm. They are only trying to pull off a few stage stunts in order to fool the common folks and make them think that something big is being done.

But now just listen:

GAS APPROVED BY MILITARY EXPERTS

Conference on Limitation of Armament Will Not Recommend its Abolition

DOUBTS OF PERMANENT PEACE

The Proposition Is Advanced That a Gas Bomb is Equally as Humane as a 1,000-Pound Shell or Torpedo.

Washington — Poison gas as a means of warfare has come to stay. America's military experts join with those of other countries in insisting that the gas bomb is just as humane as the torpedo or the 1,000-pound shell. Any idea that the United States army experts will advise the American delegation to the conference on limitation of armaments to propose the abolition of poison gasses can be dismissed as out of the question.

President Harding in his invitation to the other powers pointed out that "it may be found advisable to formulate proposals by which in the interest of humanity the use of new agencies of warfare may be suitably controlled."

A canvass of military authorities develops the fact that the American army holds chemical warfare to be a recognized and desirable means of warfare—that it is just as desirable as any other means of killing the troops of the enemy.

Mr. Harding himself in his speech to the army war college spoke his doubts about permanent peace and indicated that armies and navies would always be necessary.

Now don't you reckon we will play smash at getting disarmament from a gang that talks like that? I just want you to hush, as Tom Watts says.

I composed most of the dope in this issue right at the type case, putting it in type with my own hands just as fast as I got it hatched: Do you want some more like it to oil your thinker with?

Need another line here. Got it.

WONDERS OF THE FUTURE.

I find that a great many people are sorter puzzled about these modern wonders that are coming into the world so thick and fast. They can't understand what it means, and they are wondering what it will all lead to in the future.

Just a few days ago I was talking to a man on this subject. The conversation started about the modern improved methods of travelling—the convenience and speed of the automobile as compared to the slow and clumsy methods of the past. From that the conversation drifted on to the various other startling achievements of modern invention and discovery.

Leaning back and drawing a long breath, my neighbor said:

"Well, it's wonderful. We can see that the progress made in the past 25 years has been greater than in thousands of years before. But do you suppose the change in the next 25 years will be as great as it has been during the last 25?"

"Yes, and a great deal more," sez I.

"What? Do you reckon so?" sez Mr. Neighbor. "It don't seem possible. It looks like everything has already been invented that can be. I can't think of anything else."

"No," sez I, "and you couldn't think of the things that have already come until somebody else thought of them first. But there will be inventive minds in the future, and they will go right on inventing and discovering more wonderful things than you can possibly imagine."

And that is the truth. People cannot begin to comprehend what the world will be like even 25 years from now. There is no possibility that inventive progress will slow up. On the other hand, it is certain to get faster. And just try to imagine what it would be in 25 years even at the present rate! Why, it staggers the imagination to try to think about it!

Of course we see that the art or science of government is not keeping pace with the rapid improvement in other lines. The inventions and discoveries are the work of the "dreamers"—people who have imagination and can look ahead. But the business of government is still in the hands of ignorant and short-sighted politicians who are so hang-taked "practical" that they still try to run the governments by the law of the jungle—brute force. The political "dreamers" believe there is a better way to run governments, but they have never been permitted to try it.

But the old out-of-date jungle methods of government are going to peter out pretty soon. The big smash-up which is certain to follow the Disagreement Conference will just about finish these old fang-and-claw governments, and then a more civilized system of government can be established in the world, so that the science of government can take its place along with the other progressive things.

Then it will be possible for all the people to get the benefit of these great inventions and discoveries. They are coming in now for that very purpose—to be here ready for the glorious Millennial Age. These things will be largely instrumental in making the earth an Eden.

Please Learn Something.

Suppose a little eight year old school boy who was just learning to spell "cat" should butt in and try to dispute the teacher of the algebra class. You would think that kid was a little too fresh, wouldn't you?

Well, honey, that's sorter the way I feel when some of these-here little orthodox fellers try to be so wise and tell me that I don't know what I am talking about. For instance, when I say that the preachers have lied to the people for thousands of years and taught them all sorts of wrong notions about death and the hereafter, some little ignorant upstart will cut loose and call me all sorts of bad names. And when I try to reason with him and show him the Bible proofs for what I say—no sir, he don's want to hear any of that. Just because he knows nothing about the proofs, he thinks they do not exist.

The average person does not know any of the following facts:

That the Great Pyramid of Egypt corroborates the Bible and proves the Divine Plan of the Ages;

That the Jew is the key that unlocks nearly all the mysteries of the Bible, and makes it all harmonize and give good sense;

That everything in the old Jewish order was a type of something else to come later;

That the Bible is full of figures and dates, mostly hidden under various kinds of symbolism, but still there;

That the length of time the Gentiles should rule the world is positively given as 2520 years, beginning 606 B. C. and ending 1914 A. D.;

That the "Jewish Double" as given in prophecy is an absolutely sure proof of the time when God's favor would return to the Jews;

That history shows that it DID come to pass just on time;

That the 70 Jewish Jubilee cycles of 50 years each show the time when the Great Jubilee will be due to start.

All these things and many more are in the Bible, but the average Bible reader has never seen them nor heard of them.

Even the preachers do not know that such proofs exist.

But in their ignorance they go around disputing the word of people who DO know.

To those of us who have given long years of careful study to these things it is sorter hard to have patience with the big talk of people who have never studied them at all.

Say, mister, please learn something before you talk so big.

In a world where nearly everybody are liars it is sometimes dangerous to tell the truth.

It don't take much scratching of Daugherty's skin to find old Gregory underneath.

Wouldn't you love to have you a nice little League of Nations all to yourself?

If Ireland was just one Ireland perhaps old Mammy England could manage it. But Ireland seems to be twins.

"BLUETS and BUTTERCUPS"

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor.

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson.
Boomer, N. C.

STATEMENT

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(Signed) J. L. PEARSON, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28 day of September, 1921.

MATTIE F. GREER, Postmaster.

A SERMON ON "SOULS."

I have heard old-fashioned preachers talk about the immortal souls that go to heaven or hell when the body dies, and I have heard them try to tell how big a soul is. I am quite sure that I have heard at least half a dozen preachers say that a "million disembodied human souls could find standing room on the point of the finest sewing needle." That seems to be a sort of stock phrase that they use when they want to get right down to the fine mathematics of the soul business.

They say that nobody has ever seen one of these disembodied souls, but they seem to have some way of knowing just how big they are and just how many can stand on the point of a needle.

They say that a disembodied soul is an immaterial substance and has no dimensions. That is, it has no length, breadth, height, depth, width nor thickness. Begin to measure it in any direction and you find that it stops right ker-dab where it starts at. In fact, it don't start—it just ain't there.

Now you take a saw-log, for instance, and it has dimensions. You can begin at one end and measure so many feet to the other end. Then you can begin at one side and measure so many inches through to the other side. And so on.

Now if you undertook to measure a log, and if you found that it stopped right identically where it started—that it didn't have any length at all nor any width or thickness at all—you would probably come to the conclusion right away that you didn't have any log at all.

I don't know how you look at it, but it seems reasonable to me that if a log without dimensions is no log at all, then a soul without dimensions is no soul at all. It seems to me about the best way of describing NOTHING that I have ever heard tell of.

But just for argument's sake, suppose we admit that these little wee-bitsey unseen and unseeable dots of immortal souls do exist, as the preachers say. Take the case of the rich man in hell that they love to harp on so much. Bear in mind that it was not the rich man's literal body in hell, because the scripture account says that he was buried. And orthodoxy says it was just his body that was buried. So it must have been just his soul that was in hell. And that soul, you will please remember, was so small that a million like it could stand on the point of a needle. And that poor little runt of a soul had a mouth with a tongue in it. Considering the extreme smallness of the entire soul, that little tongue would have been rather hard for Lazarus to find if he had got there with the water. Think of putting a whole drop of water on such a soul as that! Why, man alive, don't you know one drop of water would have drowned the miserable little rascal?

And then the preachers take a fresh chaw of terbacker and start in to tell us about what a great big terrible red-hot roaring hell of fire and brimstone God has made to punish lost souls in for all eternity. I have never heard them just exactly tell how big hell is, as I remember, but the fuss they make over it indicates that it must be a very large place—at least as large as the Atlantic Ocean, I should think.

But why do they have such a big hell for such little souls? If a million souls could stand on the point of a needle, then you could take all the souls that have ever lived since Adam and put them in a thimble, easy enough. You might calculate, then, that nobody at all is going to be saved, but that every soul that ever has lived will go to hell. You could allow plenty of room for each soul to kick around in, and then allow plenty more room to store away all the brimstone that would ever be needed, and still, at the very outside calculation, hell wouldn't need to be bigger than a quart cup.

An Occasional Howl.

Once in a very long while some red-eyed Rastus who is too cowardly to sign his name becomes the father of an anonymous letter in which he lets it be known that The Fool-Killer has applied salt to some of his sore places.

But these kicks are very few and far between. While I am getting one of these fatherless letters of disapproval I get about a thousand nice clubs accompanied by letters of praise and appreciation. That proves that all the good people like this-here paper, and of course I don't expect the mean ones to like it. If the hit dogs didn't howl any it would indicate that I was not hitting them hard enough to do any good.

In this administration's dealing with the Debs case it has been Joseph's voice and Esau's hand, but now Esau's voice has spoken.

Have you sent that club yet?

CATHOLIC AND JEW.

O my-o!
Shoo-fly!
Booger-man!
How things do change!

It ain't been but a few years since we had a great wave of Anti-Catholic sentiment in this country. Dozens of mushroom papers sprang up and rode into popularity on the wave, and some of them prospered exceedingly for awhile.

Then very suddenly it all died down, sorter like Rev. Jonah's gourd vine when the cut-worms got into it. The papers dropped the subject and went off in search of new sensations.

And a good many people have been wondering why the fight was stopped. I never could understand it myself. Certainly the Roman Catholic shebang was not subdued nor reformed. The pope and the priests are just as mean as they ever were, and their desire to rule the world has not abated in the least.

But, lo and behold, we now have a brand-new booger to get scared at. This time it happens to be the Jews that are going to swaller the whole world at one single bite, and dozens of our little editors are just having all sorts of jeeminy fits about it.

Your uncle Henry 4d is the official daddy of the present anti-Jew scare, and he is rounding up a mass of evidence that looks purty tolerable dangerous—from his point of view.

Yes-sir-ee, Henry—or rather, Henry's anonymous writer—has already proven beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Jews do even now control practically everything of importance in the world.

And so we are allowed to forget the Catholic danger, while the Jewish menace is shouted from the housetops.

Now listen!

Old Pearson knows a few things.

There has probably not been any real danger from the Catholics in recent times. They have wielded an influence out of all proportion to their numbers, and it has sometimes looked really dangerous. But I think we have Bible evidence that the Catholics will never rule the world any more. They had their inning once—they did rule the world for about a thousand years—and of course their will is good to do it again. But they never will. Their political power was taken away from them in 1799, and my opinion is that it will never be restored. When we go to the Bible prophecies we find that the Catholics have never been promised any dominion down here at the end of the world. On the other hand, we see that their power was to be "consumed unto the end."

But with the Jews it is entirely different. The whole Bible is full of promises to them. No other prophecy is so often repeated and so strongly emphasized as that which promises that the Jews shall again rule the world. We positively MUST believe it, or else we must throw away the whole Bible.

So why should we be surprised if the Jews are now coming into power? And why should we find so much fault with the methods by which they gain access to the places of power? Surely if God wants the Children of Israel to rule the world, He knows how to bring it about. And the fact that they are beginning to get power at the very time the prophecies indicate is sufficient proof that God is carrying out His plan.

Therefore it is poor business for Henry 4d or anybody else to be jumping on the Jews just now. It will only be time and effort wasted. The Jew-baiters could better employ their time trying to find out what God's plan and purpose is, and then shaping their affairs accordingly.

Have You Sent Your Pledge?

The pledges are still coming in for my book, "Pearson's Poems," and also for the book of Fool-Killer selections, both of which I am aiming to publish as soon as I get enough pledges to meet the expense. I cannot print in the paper a full explanation about these books without having it classed as "advertising" at a ruinous rate of postage. But I will say here that during the 25 or 30 years that I have been writing for the press I have written enough poems to make a large book. I think there is enough literary merit in them to justify printing them in book form. The price of the book will be about $1.50, but don't send the pay for it now. Just write and say you will take one and pay for it when ready. The same applies to the other book—the Fool-Killer selections. I now have about 200 pledges for each. I want about that many more, and then I can proceed to print the books. Send in your pledge at once, if you have not already sent it. Attend to it right now.

The Ku Kluxes are still able to Ku, but they are not Klucking quite as big as they once did.

How do you like my racket?

Volume XI. Boomer, North Carolina, November, 1921. Number 9.

I WOULD USE IT MORE.

Some girls have a lot of brains
That they never use,
Judging by the kind of swains
That most of them choose.
They just wed the bummest lot,
Then regret it sore.
If I had the sense they've got,
I would use it more.

Some men go through life asleep—
Never think a lick—
Till they're in the mire so deep
That they cannot kick.
Then, with anger waxing hot,
They begin to roar.
If I had the sense they've got,
I would use it more.

Some folks put on righteous airs,
And will treat you ill
If you do not squirt your prayers
Through their little quill;
Always kicking up a fuss,
Just a perfect bore.
If I had religion plus,
I would use it more.

—James Larkin Pearson.

HOW WE "SAVED CIVILIZATION."

I want it plainly understood that I don't take any stock in all this gushy "patriotic" yawp about how we went to war to "save civilization," and what an awful fix the world would have been in if we hadn't "saved" it.

Well, for pity's sake, if this is a saved world, I would hate like thunder to see a lost one. If it could possibly have been any worse than it is now—Jeeminy, wouldn't it have been a peach?

If the world needed "saving" when we entered the war, it needs it still worse now, and nobody in sight who seems to know how to do it.

So I think, gentlemen of the Jury, it is time for us to stop bragging about how we "saved civilization."

The fool hero-worshippers of America have been giving old Foch such a good time that they are about to wear the old feller out attending banquets, making speeches, accepting medals, and so on. That's right! Let 'em rang-tang him around till there isn't anything of him left but a quart of brass buttons and a shoestring.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD

Before this paper reaches you there will have been some big doings at Washington over th body of an "unknown dead" soldiers who was killed in France.

They have picked out just one unknown soldier to represent all the other unknown soldiers, but they don't know which one it is that they have picked out. In trying to get the right one they are just as apt to have got somebody else. But the wrong one will do just as well as the right one, and no matter which one it is, he will never know anything about it.

But anyhow, they have brought home one whose identity has been torn off and lost, and they are going to bury him at Arlington on Armistice Day amid great patriotic demonstrations. They will probably spill enough over-ripe oratory around his grave to float whole Arlington Cemetery off into the river. They will have parades and speeches and hired mourners, and all the hifalutin ceremony and nonsense that belong to military snobdom.

And they think that is going to compensate all the unknown dead for the loss of their lives, and even for the blotting out of their personal identity.

But I am afraid it won't work. If one can be honored for all the rest, why couldn't one have killed for all the rest? And now that they are all dead and gone in their own proper persons they are not bothering their brains about any "honors" by proxy.

But let it go.

I am not kicking about that.

And the "unknown dead" are not kicking, either.

Nary a kick.

And so when they get through with them big doinses at Arlington in honor of the "unknown dead, they migh't begin to look around and give some attention to the "unfed living." They will find tens of thousands of the ex-service boys walking the streets, hunting for jobs, hungry, disheartened and disillusioned. They are saying to themselves:

"Is this what we fought for?—is this what our comrades died for?—that we might starve here in this land of plenty in 1921?

Maybe it might be a good idea to pick out one of these hungry and disheartened soldier boys, take him to a swell hotel, set him down at the head of the table with a great company of these-here brass button monkeys around him, and tell him to eat till he swells up like a toy ballon.

And then go out on the streets and say to all the other hungry soldiers:

"Here, you fellows! We have fed one of your crowd! Look at his belly! He has been eating for you, and so you have been fed by proxy."

Does anybody suppose that would satisfy the boys? But that's all they will get, and I doubt if they get even that much .

FINE FRENCH LIKKER

I have heard it whispered around on the quiet that this is a prohibition country .

I have been confidentially informed that there is a law against making, selling, transporting or otherwise dealing in the famous old whoop-juice.

It wouldn't do for any of us common plugs to fill a suitcase full of red-eye and gallop off to Washington with it, and get gloriously drunk in both legs and try to make a speech before the Disagreement Conference.

We would lose our official standing as private citizens, and the brass button bridage would have us locked up before you could say scat.

But I see in the papers that the French delegation to the Confab were careful to pack about thirty cases of high-grade likker among their luggage before sailing for this dry and thirsty prohibition land.

Yes, honey, they brought it with them—just plenty of it. And our prohibition government not only allowed them to bring it in, but actually assigened an army of special policemen to guard it for them.

I presume that the rest of the nations also supplied their delegates with a choice assortment of headaches bottled in bond. And I guess some of it is about like the North Carolina moonshine—mean enough to make a she-baby bullfrog spit in a whale's face.

Now isn't that a fine howdy-do for a gang of men who have come together for the alleged purpose of saving the world? The solemnity of the occasion demands their very best sober thought.

But instead of that they must tank up on expensive imported rot-gut and keep themselves in a fighting humor so as to head off any possible chance of getting disarmament.

What can we expect from a convention of drunk dudes? And how can we have any confidence in the sincerity of our own official and diplomatic whangdoodles when they allow such business as that to be carried on right in the capital of this dry and thirsty land?

If prohibition is good for us, why isn't it good for the slippery sons of snobdom that come here to swap stall-fed oratory with our peanut politicians?

SELL OUT TO HENRY

Just hand it to Henry and say no more about it.

Right on the heels of his announcement that he would take over the Muscle Shoals nitrate plants, Henry Ford also announces that he will buy all the battleships that Uncle Sam may take a notion to junk in case the disagreement conference succeeds.

Well, why not?

The Ford plants have to have steel in large quantities, and there is enough steel in one battleship to make a good many flivvers. While we are beating swords into plowshares, why not beat a few battleships into Ford cars?

Looky here, I move that we sell the whole doggon government to Henry and let him run it. I'll bet five cents he could do a better job of it than is now being done.

The super-dreadnaught "West Virginia," the newest addition to the American navy, was launched at Newport News a few days ago. I suppose that is part of the "disarmament" program.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson - - - Editor
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Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

Reduced Rates

Well, folkses. I have decided to risk my chances on putting The Fool-Killer back to its old price. Print paper is still costing me twice as much as it did before the war; but the general trend of prices is downward, and I want to give my readers the benefit of all possible reduction, because I know times are hard and money scarce

So please tell everybody you see and send word to the rest that they can now get The Fool-Killer again at the old price—25 cents for a single susbcription, or 15 cents each in clubs of five or more at one time.

Now please rush in the subs like you did in the old days, and I'll do my level best to keep 'em awake.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this rag of reform.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor, and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will, and that settles it.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Boomer, N. C.

CANNIBALS.

A chicken bone flung carelessly away!
A dog comes running when he hears it fall!
That's all the people see, and all they say;
But in the poultry world that isn't all.

A flock of hens stand huddled at the gate,
With more than human sadness in their eyes.
And talk together of the Rooster's fate,
And how a Rooster suffers when he dies.

They saw him being carried by the feet;
They heard the awful stroke upon the block;
And all because some humans had to eat
The faithful husband of the little flock.

Suppose a Dinosaur would wander by,
And kill a human rooster for a pie?

—James Larkin Pearson.

PARAGRAPHS.

Pershing's face looks like a mud pie after a bare-footed nigger had stepped in it.

The history of the conference so far has been lots of motion, but mighty little progress.

"We mustn't expect too much from the Disarmament Conference," says The Pathfinder. All right, I won't.

If you want a piece of "civilization" to keep as a souvenir, you had better grab it quick and lock it up in your trunk.

Now the Allies have all made peace with Germany, and the real hard job of making peace among themselves has started.

The majority of preachers are just like parrots—they merely repeat thoughts and ideas that they get from somebody else.

H. G. Wells is over here writing an "Outline" of the Disagreement Conference. That will give him another chapter of human cussedness for the next edition of his History.

A writer in "Science" (New York) says that none of the planets are inhabited by intelligent beings. Well, the earth isn't either, and so we have got no room to brag.

The Japs also launched another 40,000-ton battleship a few days ago. These-here "disarmament" days seem to be a good time to launch battleships. Yes sir, the world is "disarming" like the very Old Scratch.

The nations that seldom have wars are called "heathen" nations while those that spend 93 per cent of their wealth for war and continually butcher each other by the wholesale—they are "civilized" and "Christian" nations, you know. What a pity we ain't all heathens!

STILL NOT ENDED.

It does beat Bobtail what a thunderation hard job it is for our American Highmuckalorums to get the war with Germany finally ended.

It has now been ended five distinct and separate times, and still they say it isn't ended.

First, it ended Nov. 11, 1918.
Then again Mar. 3, 1921.
And again July 2, 1921.
And again Aug. 25, 1921.
And again Nov. 14, 1921.

On all these different dates there have been great golly-snorting "resolutions" or ratifications" enacted by the Nabobs for the alleged puropes of ending the war with Germany.

But after each one of these momentous "endings" it was discovered that something had been overlooked or omitted, and that they would have to make another blind stagger at it.

They told us that when the joint resolution of Congress was passed and signed, that would end the war.

But it didn't.

Then there had to be some sort of a "ratification" at Washington, and that would end it.

But it didn't.

Then it must be "ratified" at Berlin, and that would end it.

But it didn't.

And finally it had to be "proclaimed" by the President, and that surely-to-goodness WOULD fix it.

But it didn't.

After all this nonsensical staggering and stalling, we are still told by the brass check newspapers that a few more spools of red tape will have to be used before the war can be "officially" ended.

Thus sayeth the Ass-ociated Press:

"Until a final step is taken the purposes of the formal proclamations will not be achieved in the opinion of the officials. These purposes are stated to be to put an end without doubt to certain war laws unaffected by the Congressional resolution of repeal approved March 3. Disposition of the cases of Eugene V. Debs and others convicted of violation of war laws likewise will await the final step."

Yes, Debs always has to wait.

But when it was a matter of American profiteers trading with Germany in order to make some more profits, that didn't have to wait. We all know that trading between the two countries has been going on for years, just as if nothing stood in the way. That was to the interest of the plutes, and so it didn't have to wait.

The turning loose of German spies didn't have to wait.

But Debs has to wait right on and on, and he will continue to wait just as long as the lying and hypocritical official nincompoops around Washington can manage to think up new excuses.

The way Schwab and Gary are pretending to want disarmament reminds me of how bad the moonshiner wants his still cut up by the revenues.

Now Get It Straight

In spite of all the explaining that has been done, it seems that a great many people are all at sea concerning some of the most important points of Bible truth. Some of them have the most hazy and fantastic ideas about Death, the Soul, Immortality, the Resurrection etc. The following extract from a letter from an art-student friend in Virginia, as well as the other extract from an article by Mrs. J. W. Gamble in The Restitution Herald, are typical cases. Their misunderstandings are to some extent different, but they are of such a nature that I think I can probably answer both at once.

Your theological views are new to me. I never heard just such views expressed before. But I always like to read what you have to say. Your principal argument seems to be that the soul is not immortal (or do you believe in the soul?) and that the soul dies when the body dies. If that is so, how do you make out that Christianity pays? These Christians must be big fools to spend their lives doing good, if that is all that comes of it. I would like for you to put in The Fool-Killer a brief but comprehensive and complete article expressing fully your theology, your idea of the soul and the body, of immortality, or life after death.

CARRINGTON CALLAWAY,
Norwood, Virginia.

Mr. Callaway seems to hold a view similar to the orthodox idea that there must be something called the "soul" which remains alive after the body dies, else he thinks there couldn't possibly be any future life. That is the common mistake of all orthodox people. They totally ignore the fact that God is able to raise the dead. They take the position that God has very limited power, but probably enough to raise the body in case the soul is already alive. But if soul and body were both dead, they imagine that God wouldn't be able to give them life again. That would be a mighty feeble sort of a God. If I am going to believe in a God at all, I want to believe in a God who has ALL POWER. And surely such a God would be able to give life to an absolutely dead man. If God made man in the first place and gave him life, isn't it reasonable that He could take a man who has died and restore his life to him again? That's the way it looks to me. But orthodoxy says, "Oh, no, we are afraid God isn't able to do that. We must believe that we remain alive after we seem to die, or else we can't have any hope of living again." Such reasoning (or lack of reasoning) totally ignores the ransom sacrifice of Jesus Christ. It makes his death and resurrection entirely void and worthless. It scorns and ignores the great love which prompted Jesus Christ to give his life for the life of the world. Yes, Mr. Calloway, I believe that when a man's body dies the whole MAN is dead, and that

Continued on page 3.

NOW GET IT STRAIGHT.

(*Continued from page 2.*)

there isn't any immortal part that goes flying off somewhere and remains alive. But please get this straight: My belief does not carry with it the necessity of believing that the dead man will never live again. I put my trust in a God who is able to RAISE THE DEAD, and not merely able to raise a person who is PARTLY dead.

Now let's take a peep at the strange notion advocated by Mrs. Gamble in The Restitution Herald:

> Of late, in our much-esteemed paper, The Restitution Herald, there have appeared several articles by Bro. Drinkard on universal resurrection, life for everybody, whether in Christ or not. He quotes 1st Cor. 15:22 to prove his position: "For as in Adam all die, even so Christ shall all be made alive." We are all in the first Adam by nature and under the sentence of death from start to finish. But we are not Christ's naturally. We have to put on Christ by baptism. If we don't do that, I can't see where the gift of life comes in.
>
> MRS. J. M. GAMBLE.
>
> In Restitution Herald.

And she goes on like that for more than a column, trying to prove that only the righteous will ever be resurrected at all—that the wicked will just remain dead and in their graves while they are there.

That is the most curious position I ever knew anybody to take. It is very natural for the infidel to say there will never be any resurrection for anybody, because he does not accept the Bible at all. But if we are going to believe that the Bible is God's revealed message to humanity, we MUST see that it teaches a universal resurrection. It makes it very plain that every human being who has died as the result of Adam's sin will be restored to life as the result of the Ransom Price which was paid by Jesus the Christ on Calvary. To believe in Christ or not to believe in Him—to be baptized or not to be baptized—makes no difference so far as being resurrected is concerned.

> "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming in which ALL that are in the graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of judgment."—John 5:28-29.

We are told that the wicked are to go into the Second Death, and how could they go into the Second Death if they are not to be raised out of the first one?

Now most of the orthodox people admit that there will be a universal resurrection of the BODIES of people, but they have never explained what good such a resurrection would do. If the body is only a shell for the soul to live in, and if the soul can live just as well without its shell, what would be the use to raise up the old shell and imprison the soul in it again? Why not let the soul go on enjoying its life and liberty in heaven and let the old shell remain in the ground?

Yet they say the old shell will be raised and joined with the soul, but they deny that there will be any Second Death for the wicked. They contend that the wicked will live on forever in torment. They say they can't see any reason why God would raise people from the dead just to have the pleasure of killing them again. Mrs. Gamble, in the course of her article, says the same thing.

And that would be a mighty strange thing, if true.

But it isn't true.

All such notions grow out of a misunderstanding of the Plan that God has provided for saving the world. They grow out of the failure to comprehend what the Ransom means.

Now let me see if I can explain so that Mr. Callaway, Mrs. Gamble, and all the rest can understand. Some people say that I have a very good knack at explaining things, and maybe I can make them see the point.

Now listen:

God created Adam a perfect human being and placed him in a perfect Eden, and told him that he could live there in that happy condition forever if he would be obedient. But if he should be disobedient he would have to die. There were just two plain things put before him—life and death. And death with which he was threatened in case of disobedience was just plain physical death—the same death that the animals die. And since Adam was purely a human being, and not part human and part spirit, there was not any spiritual part to remain alive after the body died. Adam was just a human unit, and could not be divided into two parts, hence when he died he was ALL dead. That sentence of death was the only sentence that was ever passed upon Adam or his children. Read the Genesis account carefully and you will not find any mention of a place of torment. And unless you can find where some NEW sentence was passed upon the race down somewhere this side of Adam, you will have to cut out all that eternal torment business, for you can easily see that God said nothing about it to Adam.

Well, we have no account of any new sentence being passed upon the human race. The only sentence that we are under is the one that we inherited from Father Adam. We were all in him at the time he was sentenced to death (not eternal torment), and so we automatically fell under the sentence, too.

God's mercy could have revoked the sentence and given Adam's life back to him, in which case we would all have gotten our lives back again—or possibly escaped dying at all. But that would have interfered with God's justice. His word had gone forth that Adam and all his posterity must DIE—return to dust—Gen. 3:19—and there was no way of getting life restored to the race unless somebody else could be found who was willing to assume the obligation and pay the debt. Just like when you pawn your watch for five dollars, you have to get up the five dollars and go and pay it before you can get your watch back. We call that REDEEMING the watch. There has to be a corresponding price paid, and if you can't do it you will have to get somebody else to do it.

That's just the way it was with Adam. He had pawned his life in the pawnshop of death, and he had to be REDEEMED out of it by some man who had an unpawned life that he was willing to give in exchange.

Well, there wasn't any unpawned human life on earth, because they had all been born in the pawn-shop, so to speak, and so God had to send an unpawned life from heaven.

The personality that was known as the man Jesus Christ on earth had previously been a spirit personality in heaven. But he agreed to lay aside his spiritual glory and become a man—a perfect man, just like Adam was before he sinned—in order that he might give his unpawned life as a ransom (corresponding price) to redeem the pawned human life of Adam's race.

You will note that I said Jesus had previously been a spirit being in heaven, but at the time he was on earth as a man he was ONLY a man. He came to pay Adam's debt, and the debt was only the life of a man. If God had accepted the life of a God in payment for the life of a man he would have been profiteering on Jesus. He would have been collecting more pay than the debt amounted to.

So we see that the man Jesus Christ before his death and resurrection was just a man. And when he gave his human nature to go into death in Adam's stead, that released Adam and every one of his children, and opened a way for them to get out of the pawnshop of death.

I don't mean to say it would prevent them from going into the pawnshop of death, because you see they were ALREADY IN, but I mean to say it opened the door of death's prison so that every child of Adam could GET OUT. And every one WILL get out, because every one has been redeemed. Just like your watch and every wheel in it was redeemed when you handed in the five dollars.

Therefore when the resurrection comes, every human being who has died because of Adam's sin will be brought back to life through the merits of the Redeemer who gave himself for us. The Ransom is as broad as the curse—and broader. It covers all the ground that the curse covers, and then some. It redeems EVERY ONE out of the pawnshop of death, and then it goes beyond that and offers a special reward of a glorious spirit nature to those who prove themselves worthy of it. Those who get to be spirit beings, as Christ now is, will not have their human bodies of flesh and bone. They will be changed into spirit beings. But this high honor is only for a small company—a little flock. These will be the invisible rulers with Christ over the earth.

But the masses of humanity who are redeemed from death will come back as literal human beings—just as natural and human as we are now—and they will not be kings and wear crowns, and all that. They will merely be CITIZENS in the Millennian Kingdom. The common befuddled idea that most people have is that every saved person will be a king or a queen, or some great ruler, wearing crowns and sitting on thrones; but they never stop to ask themselves what they will rule over. Just imagine how it would be if every person in the United States could be elected President, and not a private citizen be found anywhere. What would they rule over?

The very fact that some are to be rulers in the Millennial Kingdom ought to teach us that others will be citizens.

And some of them will not be good citizens, either. There will be some bad ones among them for awhile. But they will be in the minority and cannot make so much trouble as they do now.

These bad citizens who will live for a time in the Millienial Kingdom will not be under the sentence of Adamic death. They will already have been raised out of that. They will then be standing their own individual trial for life as citizens of the restored Paradise. Not rulers, you understand, for all the ruling places will have been filled. But if they show the proper spirit of righteousness and obedience they can live forever as happy citizens of the restored earth. The Bible seems to indicate that all will be given at least a hundred years of opportunity under the most favorable conditions. And if they make no progress toward righteousness during that time they will be cut off in the Second Death, from which they will not be redeemed any more. They will not go to a burning hell of endless torment, but they will go back to the dust and stay there—just as dead as a hog.

Then by and by, after all the bad people are weeded out, there will be nobody on earth but good people. And they will live right on and on forever, just as Adam COULD have lived if he had not sinned.

Several millions of us "heretics" fully believe that the New Age—the Kingdom of Christ on earth—is now dawning. We believe that the trouble which is now upon the world indicates the end of the old order and the beginning of the new. We believe that we are now living in the Judgment Day. If we are correct in this belief, then it need not surprise anybody to see the dead begin to come out of their graves in the very near future.

I WANT TO BE LAZY AWHILE

I've been mighty smart this summer;
I've plowed and I've hoed my crap;
And I ain't even laid in the appletree shade
To take me a noon-time nap.
But now the summer is ended,
And the work's all finished in style;
So my physical force has changed its course,
And I want to be lazy awhile.

All summer I kept my courage
Keyed up to the highest note,
In the daily stew of the work to do.
And the burdens I had to tote.
But now the leaves are falling
And drifting into a pile,
And I want to let loose from the things of use,
And I want to be lazy awhile.

I want to get out in the open,
Like a fairy or an elf,
With nothing to do for a month or two
But just enjoy myself;
And sleep—by jings—if I want to—
Yes, sleep with a peaceful smile;
Send Duty away till another day,
And let me be lazy awhile.

—James Larkin Pearson.

THE DISAGREEMENT CONFERENCE

It opened with a bang.

Did you hear it?

And then it closed its doors with another bang.

I reckon you heard that, too.

Oh, they are slick ducks, all rights.

That opening performance was calculated to fool the common plugs and make them think something great and wonderful was actually going to be done, sure enough.

It even had me guessing for just a little while, wondering if they really did aim to do something.

It looked like a straight proposition on the face of it, and I almost began to hope that I had been mistaken in calling it the "Disagreement Conference."

Then "Bang!" went the door, and all my hopes looked like a soap-bubble after it busts.

I am not going to say that Hughes was insincere in making his proposition. He may have been entirely sincere—I am trying to believe that he was. He made a pretty good stagger at the sort of thing I wanted him to do, but I hadn't the least idea he would do it. To that extent Hughes surprised me as well as pleased me.

But now to get it through!

There is the rub.

Remember Wilson and his famous Fourteen Points.

When he started to Paris with the aforesaid Points, he was going to make a full-grown Millennium and bring it home in his vest pocket.

But didn't he play smash at it?

Didn't his Fourteen Points look like purty doggon things when the military bosses of Europe got done settin' down on 'em?

I'll say they did.

And that's just what I predict for Hughes and his great "American Plan" of disarmament.

He sprung it right on the start in order to make a big sensation, and it is possible that he expected to go behind closed doors and take it all back. At any rate, whether he expected to take it back or not, the chances are that he will.

Such a proposition as that, put through in good faith and accepted by the world, would be a fine start toward disarmament. And having gotten such a good start we could easily go the rest of the way.

But Europe has sent too many of her hang-taked bulldog-faced military bosses over here. I have before me a Directory of the Conference Delegates and their Aids, as published in the Washington Post. In the absence of Lloyd-George, Britain's list is headed by "Bloody Balfour," and then follows General This, Captian That, and Admiral Something Else, for about a column. Nearly every name in the list is a military name.

Then I come to France and Japan and Italy, and they are all the same way. They didn't seem to have anybody in those countries with sense enough to come to the Conference except the old calloused-hearted, rawhide-faced, bloody-handed military gang.

Now let me tell you something. This was supposed to be a "Disarmament Conference," and that means that it would have been an anti-military meeting, governed by the spirit of peace instead of war. Its alleged object was to destroy militarism. If that was to be its object, then what kind of men should have been in control of it? Certainly men of peace—men with human hearts in them and faces that reflect kindness instead of brutality.

But what do we find?

Nothing but brute-faced military men.

That gives the whole thing away.

Even if Hughes is sincere in his proposition, what can he hope to do with such a gang as that?

Listen! Remember this! Military bosses do not attend anti-military conferences. Imperialists do not congregate where liberty is advocated. International politicians do not come to gatherings which are actually intended to break the power of the politicians and give the people power.

Even General Foch, the old Pappycratic, toe-kissing Romanist—he had to stick his bill into it. Do you reckon Foch wants to end the business that has given him such great honors in the eyes of the world?

Not by a blamed sight!

Then what is he over here for?

Not for any good, I can tell you.

He is over here to receive gold swords from the Jesuit toe-kissers, and to help lay plans for "making America Catholic."

That's what.

A SERMON ON NITROGEN.

All right, folks, listen! The old crazy Pearson is going to tell you something else. This time it is a sermon on Nitrogen.

Of course you know something about nitrogen. For one thing, you know it is one of the most valuable fertilizer ingredients known to the world. Did you ever pull up a pea-vine or a clover plant and notice the little nitrogen nodules on the roots of the plant? All plants of the legume class have these nodules, and the science of chemistery tells us that the plant draws the nitrogen from the air and stores it in the roots. That is why the leguminous plants are so valuable to the land.

About three fourths of the volume of the air that we breathe is this same nitrogen in the form of gas, but this nitrogen gas is no benefit to us for breathing purposes. It is a dead gas, and only in the way. We would all be three times better off if there wasn't any nitrogen in the air at all. We would live much longer and be healthier. We could then breathe a full draft of oxygen and other life-giving elements without having to fill our lungs with a dead and useless gas.

But remember, it is only useless in the air. When it can be gotten into the ground it is the most useful fertilizer known. And when we realize how much of the stuff the air contains, we can begin to guess what would happen if it could be drawn out of the air and deposited in the soil. It is said that thousands of tons of this stuff are standing over every acre of land in the world; and not only over the land, but over the ocean as well. It would make every bit of the earth's surface so rich that it would produce fabulous crops without much work. So it would be easy for the land to sustain several times the present population, and everybody have an abundance of all t he good things of life. Also it would greatly purify the air and do away with sickness and suffering. You see there how it would work to our advantage in two ways at once.

But somebody says:

"O yes, that sounds mighty nice to hear you say it, but it will never be done. The thing is impossible."

Hold your hosses a minute. Let's see if it is impossible. Didn't you know that this very process was actually started several years ago? Even away back before the war I remember reading about how science had discovered a way to draw the nitrogen from the air and transform it into commercial fertilizer. Perhaps many of you farmers have used it on your crops and didn't know it. IT IS NOW BEING DONE in a small way, and all we lack is more nitrate plants scattered over the country and it can be done in a large way.

Nitrogen is one of the chemicals that they use in war, to make some of their explosives, I suppose. Goodness sakes, I don't know what they used it for, but anyhow the government wanted great oodlins of nitrogen. So Uncle Sam went to work at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, and spent a hundred million dollars on two big nitrate plants. But the war ended before the plants were completed, and now the government wants to sell them.

And here Henry Ford steps in. Henry says:

"I'll take 'em."

And the newspapers tell me this week that Henry and his friend Tom Edison are on their way to Alabama now on a tour of inspection. They are taking all their experts along to estimate the value of the plants and tell what they can turn out. In just a few weeks from now Henry Ford will actually own and control the great Muscle Shoals nitrate plants. Then he will put his well-known energy behind them and go to making fertilizer out of the air on a scale never before dreamed of.

Other people will see the possibilities of it, and other nitrate plants will be built. The whole country will be dotted with them and fertilizer will be plenty and cheap. The raw material is unneed any moreit f hfor shrdls limited—at least it will last long enough to make the ground so rich that it will never need any more fertilizer. And just in proportion as the ground gets richer the air will get purer.

Now just think a minute. Can't you see how that will help to bring the Millennium and to make the earth an Eden? Just as sure as you are a foot high these things are true. Muscle Shoals is the beginning of a great new industry that will revolutionize the life of the world. And Henry Ford is the very man to handle it. There are some things that Henry does not understand yet, but he certainly knows how to get results from what he does understand.

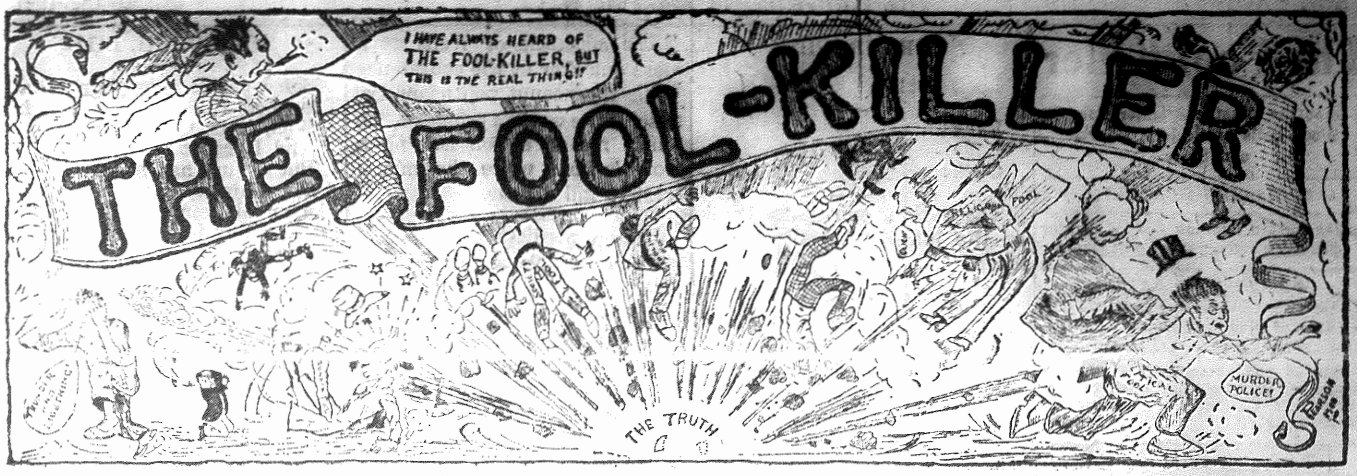
Keep a skinned eye on Muscle Shoals, Alabama.

If England really wanted disarmament, why didn't she include H. G. Wells in her official delegation to Washington? He is here, to be sure, but he is here only as an on-looker and a reporter. But Wells is a genuine anti-militarist, and of course it wouldn't do to put men like him on the job of stopping war. They might happen to succeed. Then what would the war-gods do?

"BLUETS and BUTTERCUPS"

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor.

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson.
Boomer, N. C.



Volume XI. Boomer, North Carolina, December, 1921. Number 10.

WHAT NEXT?

Well howdy, folks, howdy!
I feel sorter rowdy,
And I'm going to sing you a song
About the disarming
That looks so alarming,
And seems to be taking so long.

The cheap politicians
Have held the positions
Of leaders and rulers of men
So long they have gotten
Exceedingly rotten,
And all ought to be in the pen.

They've wrecked every nation
On top of creation,
And got the whole world in a stew;
They've kicked up a rucus
Enough for to puke us,
And that is the best they can do.

Now they've been a-trying
Their methods of lying
With great hypocritical skill;
But still ain't succeeded
In doing what's needed,
And when do you reckon they will?

This Washington wrangle
Was going to untangle
The great international mess;
But each fool endeavor
Gets wusser than ever;
They just as well quit it, I guess.

When this thing is finished,
And war undiminished,
And all the world troubled and vexed,
What kind of excuses
Will fit their abuses?
And what will they promise us next?

—James Larkin Pearson.

GIT UP HERE, SELUM!

Conditions entirely beyond my control caused the November issue of The Fool-Killer to be more than a month late. It has just now gone into the mail—on Dec. 16th.

And so, in order to get out the December issue before the month is gone, I am compelled to rush up the copy very hurriedly, print and mail it in a gallop, and put it into the post-office right on the heels of the November issue.

And therefore if the juice in this issue seems to be of a sorry grade, or if there is no juice at all, you will know the reason. I am standing on my head this week and kicking every way at once.

GOIN' SOME.

In days that are ended,
Whenever we wended
To town an' attended
The show,
We sat in the saddle
While Dobbin would paddle
Through mud to his straddle,
You know.

The faithful old plower,
By taxin' his power,
Made three miles an hour,
At most;
Arrivin' in Dover,
We fed him some stover,
An' threw the reins over
A post.

Still others arrivin',
Both ridin', an' drivin,'
The little town's thrivin'
Increased.
They met there together
In suitable weather,
An' each had to tether
His beast.

A custom unfailin'
Had long been prevailin'
To put up a railin'
At which
The folks with a toney
Fat horse or a boney
Old nag or a pony
Could hitch.

So there they stood pawin'
An' bitin' an' gnawin'
An' maybe he-hawin'
All day,
While folks were defendin'
Their rights or attendin'
To business an' spendin'
Their pay.

But folks in a hurry
Would trouble an' worry
Because the old surry
Was slow.
They seemed to be needin'
Some method of speedin'
Entirely exceedin'
Old Joe.

Inventors were plyin'
Their trade an' a-tryin'
Their luck at supplyin'
The need;
The little Tin Lizzie
Got active an' busy,
An' made the world dizzy
With speed.

The gasoline motor
Was able to tote 'er,
An' outrun a goat or
A sheep;
It was an attraction
To see her in action,
But hills were a fraction
Too steep.

At first it was chuggy,
This gasoline buggy,
An' people talked uggy,
(Aside);
But, spite of the bumpin'
An' jerkin' an' thumpin',
They'd all want to jump in
An' ride.

Inventors so darin'
Kept on a-preparin'
Till they had put air in
The wheels;
The people were taught a
New lesson an' bought a
Great number of auto-
Mobiles.

They work without britchin',
They go without switchin',
They stand without hitchin',
Therefore
These new demonstrations
Of changin' relations
Require hitchin'-stations
No more.

The bit an' the bridle
Are rusty an' idle,
An' people who ride 'll
Agree
The steerin'-wheel 's winner,
With qualities in 'er
That e'en the beginner
Can see.

The old livery stable
Is no longer able
To poke up its gable
In air;
On each corner lodges
The massive garages;
The Fords and the Dodges
Are there.

The hitchin'-post lately
Has been altered greatly,
An' now it stands stately
An' red;
The hitchin'-rein 's holler
For liquid to foller,
Where many a dollar
Is shed.

—James Larkin Pearson.

Sarn-take my yaller Kitten's ham gravy! The Literary Digest has at last reluctantly admitted that the Soviet officials in Russia are honest—"contrary to common report." Now look out for the L. D. to say a good word for the devil. Must have got religion up there in Yankee-doodle. Huh?

WANT SOME POETRY?

Another brilliant idea has struck me right square across the fat end of my wisdom.

In an old trunk here at Cora's house I've got about 17 bushels of jimdandy good poetry that I have hatched out of my ornamental head during the past 25 years.

This poetry is all wool and a yard wide, and guaranteed for a thousand years. Some of the poems are funny enough to tickle a home-sick dog or a setting hen, while other pieces are so sad they would make Charlie Chaplin look like a pall-bearer at the funeral of Mutt and Jeff.

I have been trying for years to get this poetry printed some But the magazine editors and publishers say it is so good they are afraid to print it, as it would set a standard that would discourage other poets and cause the whole poetry business to languish like a love-sick butterfly in a bucket of hot molasses.

And so I have been wondering what would be the result if I should take my collection of poetry by the back of the neck and drag it through the columns of The Fool-Killer for about 12 months. In other words, I have thought about running the poems in as a regular feature of the paper, devoting a page or so to that purpose as long as the collection holds out.

I would have the poems set in book-page width and hold the type. Then at the end of the serial run I would have my whole complete "Poetical Works" in type ready for a book.

Does that ring your bell?

Write and tell me if you want the poetry, and send along a club when you write. Do it now.

That bunch of diplomatic liars at the Washington tallefest reminds me of a flock of one-legged ducks in a frog-pond. They just paddle around and around in a circle and never get anywhere. Started out for the port of Disarmament—so they said—but here they come right back to Military Alliance—right kerdab where they started. Hire 'em to go after a swan, and they will come back with a durn polecat.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

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James Larkin Pearson - - - Editor
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Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

Reduced Rates

Well, folkses, I have decided to risk my chances on putting The Fool-Killer back to its old price. Print paper is still costing me twice as much as it did before the war; but the general trend of prices is downward, and I want to give my readers the benefit of all possible reduction, because I know times are hard and money scarce.

So please tell everybody you see and send word to the rest that they can now get The Fool-Killer again at the old price—25 cents for a single subscription, or 15 cents each in clubs of five or more at one time.

Now please rush in the subs like you did in the old days, and I'll do my level best to keep 'em awake.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this rag of reform.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor, and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will, and that settles it.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Boomer, N. C.

PARAGRAPHS.

Look out!

Bang!

Ouch:

The world is spiritually drunk on the juice of the devil's old lie.

No sir. I didn't put the world in this awful fix. I am just telling you about it. Yes sir.

It seems that Lloyd-George can make Ireland do just whatever she wants to. Aw, go on!

Tom Watson calls a spade a spade. And when he sees a bull-jawed brute that's what he calls him.

A League by some other name will be the same League. Hop to it, honey, and see how good it stinks.

Free Ireland, did you say? Just wait, honey—she ain't free from the pope yet. Free to smell of his old hoof, that's all.

Just as I close the forms for this issue it is announced from Washington that Debs has been turned loose. Well, it is time.

And then again, what if this IS the Judgment Day? Maybe you had better have your witnesses on hand, anyhow.

Problem: If a triple alliance failed to prevent the Great War, what will a quadruple alliance fail to prevent? Figger it out for yourself.

Oh, come, now! Consarn it, what are you mad about? Don't you know every word I am saying is the truth? But maybe that's what hurts. Well, grunt on, then.

All nations are in the dismal, doleful dumps except Germany—she is hard at work and whistling, and seems to be feeling fine and dandy. Who in the thunder got whipped, anyhow? Huh?

They ought to have shaved Foch's head before he went home, so they could give every member of the American Legion one of his hairs to season their soup with. Yum-yum!

Gosh, Betsey! Excuse me—is that cussing? I hope not. Anyhow, I need them words to express my ding-busted admiration for this-here double-back-action disarmament that we are not getting.

If old man Woodpile Wilson don't look out the Harding gang will steal all the weatherboarding off his League of Nations to upholster the gable ends of their newfangled what-not.

The spectacle of Wells as a mere onlooker at the conference while the peanut politicians try to solve the world's problems, reminds me of a lion holding a mouse's coat while the mouse tries to kill a bear.

Edison predicts that science will soon be able to manufacture gold as cheap as pig-iron. Reckon what will become of the "gold standard" then? Swap it off for a "pig-iron standard," maybe.

"Pellagra is one of the most important diseases we have in the Southern States," writes B. E. Washburn in The Progressive Farmer. Now I wonder what Pellagra is useful for?

If you don't find much poetry in this issue, just remember that my poetry mill is geared to run slow, while my prose mill is on high gear this time. Zip! Zip! Look out!

The Literary Digest outlines "A Plan to Give Each Man a Job to Fit His Brain." Golly, what an idea! That would put most of our great statesmen to cleaning out hog-pens or mashing cabbage worms.

Some of the men that the world has called great men were in fact very little men. And, on the other hand, some who have been scorned and denounced as little men are indeed great and noble. We cannot trust contemporary judgment in such matters.

Senator Borah started the thing, and by all means he should have been one of the leaders in putting it through. But they took it all out of his hands and didn't even say thank you, kiss-my-foot, nor anything else. Talk about ingratitude!—there is a sample of it.

Old Andy Johnson was once president of the Benited States, but he didn't claim to be a great man, and he didn't have much use for the so-called great men, either. In spite of his profanity, he uttered a great truth when he said: "There's too damned many great men in this country that ain't fit for nothing." That's about the way it is yet.

If Jesus Christ had passed through North Carolina two weeks ago there wouldn't have been half such a flopping of holy shirttails as there was when the Marshall of France went through. The Prince of Peace is all right for the sky-pilots to orate about in their gilded pulpits; but when it comes right down to brass tacks—why, bless yer gizzard, then "patriotism" and the war-gods take the day.

TOO ROUGH, EH?

Some people complain that The Fool-Killer is too rough.

Well, it is.

And I regret it.

But it just has to be.

The majority of the people are like an old mule in a burning barn. They just take the studs and stand there. You can't move them till you get behind them with a fence-rail.

Now don't you see?

If nice, modest, sugar-coated words would cause the people to wake up and see the truth, then I would use that kind of words.

But that won't work.

Other people have tried it and failed.

So the first thing I do is to get me a fence-rail and just frail hell out of 'em the first lick.

That fetches 'em.

THE GREASED PIGS.

You have heard about the greased pig at the county fair, but lawzy-massy, the greased pig ain't a circumstance compared with the greased politicians. They are so slick they can hold you up and pick your pockets and make you think they are doing you a favor. They can form a new military alliance for war and make the "dear peepul" believe it is the greatest peace documents ever hatched.

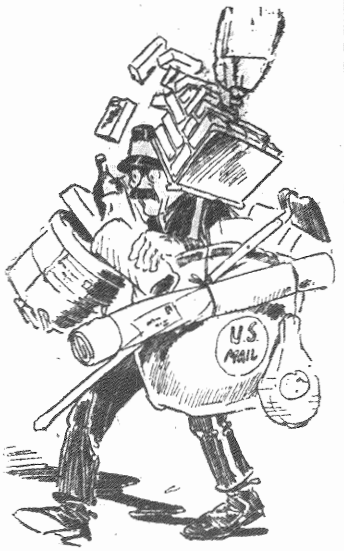
Now here they come with a great flowery tale about a "four-power alliance" on the Pacific questions, and we are supposed to believe that such an alliance between four plute governments will settle the Pacific disputes and bring eternal peace.

Jeeminy crickets! They must think we are awful big boobs to believe such a yarn as that. Why, hang-take it, didn't they have an "alliance" back in 1914? And what sort of fruit did it bear? It just arrayed one part of the world against the other and caused the biggest war of all time.

Well, honey, can't you see that the same tree will bear the same kind of fruit again? If America, England, France and Japan can join hands to defend their plunder of the Pacific, why can't the other nations join hands against them and form an opposing alliance just as they did in 1914?

That ain't all, either. The four-power agreement will last till one of the four sees something that it wants and makes a dive for it. Then the agreement will be a mere "scrap of paper."

All this plutocratic pretending makes me sick. Isn't there some way to get rid of the greased pigs and get MEN to run our affairs?



Christmas Presents for the Rich.

OH, DEM GOLDEN STREETS!

As far back into the future as any of us can remember, we have all heard about heaven with its streets of gold.

And that sounded mighty fine. Because we are all naturally a gold-hungry generation of vipers, and as greedy as Shylock for anything that looks like money—why, man, don't you see what a temptation heaven would be?

And I have wondered sometimes if the golden streets had not better be spiked down pretty securely, else Rockefeller and Morgan might steal 'em.

And they say Tom Edison is an infidel. Therefore Tom would never go to heaven. But Tom isn't worrying any about that. He seems to think that if he can't go to heaven he can perhaps help some toward making a heaven here on earth.

And that isn't such a bad idea, either. Hence it is interesting to note that Edison has some ideas about making gold. He has just announced that science will soon be able to manufacture pure gold as cheap as pig-iron, and in just any quantity you want.

Edison is not given to talking just to hear his head rattle. He is not in the habit of making wild, impossible statements. So when the world's greatest inventor states in all seriousness that gold can be manufactured as cheap as iron, there must be something to it.

Well, if that does turn out to be true, why couldn't we have towns with golden streets right here on the earth? Maybe that "golden street" stuff in the Bible isn't a fish story, after all. Maybe it means just what it says, and maybe Edison is the chosen instrument to bring it about. Who knows?

And just think—there is another step toward the Golden Age.

Oh, it's coming.

Don't you fret.

OLD NEB'S IMAGE

It may be possible that I have talked about old Neb's Image on previous occasions, but that don't matter. The subject is big enough to stand another round or two.

And so I am going to take my text this time in the second chapter of Daniel and tell you about the big brass-belled vision that old King Neb had one night after he had feasted on humming-bird gizzards and drunk twelve bottles of Coca-Cola.

Now it was this way:

Neb was to be the first world-ruler among the Gentiles, and God was going to show him a picture of the whole Gentile career from start to fininsh.

And so when the old king got to sawing gourds right good that night there came a great image of a man and stood before him. Its head was of gold, its breast and arms of silver, and so on—you know how it goes.

Mighty unusual sort of a dream, to be sure, and God sent Daniel to tell the king what the dream meant.

Daniel said:

"Thou, O king, art this head of gold."

And then he went on to tell about the other kingdoms that would arise after Babylon. First was Medo-Persia, then Greece, then Rome. These kingdoms were to have power one after another, and they were to fill out the complete "Times of the Gentiles"—2520 years.

History shows that they all came just as predicted, and they filled the bill so perfectly that there is no chance for a misunderstanding about them.

All Bible students agree that this Image is a complete calendar of Gentile times. By studying this vision we can KNOW what is the next thing on world program.

But there are many people who claim to be Bible students and are not. They refuse to see how important this image is in the scheme of things, and therefore they get plum off the prophetical track and go blundering about in the theological swamps and political quagmires.

I have even talked with preachers who didn't know what old Neb's vision meant, and who didn't think it was anything worth learning. I pity such preachers. They will learn the lesson some time, but it may be too late to do them any good.

Now, mister, if your old skull ain't too thick, I want to get this fact wedged into it:

This vision that old king Neb saw, and which is recorded in the second chapter of Daniel, IS a true calendar of Gentile times. It PROVES itself every step of the way, and it shows that we are now living right down in the TOE-PERIOD of the image, just at the time when the whole thing is to be struck by the Stone and ground into powder.

Then how can we look around us and see the nations actually BEING ground into powder, and still fail to grasp this truth? It looks to me like even a blind man ought to see as plain a thing as this. What about it, Mister D. D.?

IRELAND AND PROPHECY

I have in my possession a book called "Forty Prophetic Wonders." It was written by Rev. Michael Baxter, founder of the Christian Herald, and it was first published in London in 1866—about 55 years ago.

The book claims to be an interpretation of Bible prophecy, telling of various wonderful things due to happen at the end of the Gentile Age.

Well, of course it was laughed at for many years, and its author was pointed out as a crazy crank. But when the time came for his wonders to begin—what happened? Well, they BEGUN, that's what.

The first "wonder" that the writer mentions is a great war between Germany and other European nations, and he places the beginning of it between 1906 and 1919. He was writing 48 years before 1914, and it looks to me like he was hitting at it pretty well. He said one of the results of the war would be that France would be enlarged to the Rhine. That has also come true with startling accuracy.

But I started out to say something about Ireland. On page 38 of my Baxter book I find the statement that between 1917 and 1921 England and Ireland would be legislatively separated.

Bear in mind that this was written and published 55 years ago.

And just last week you read in your papers that this very thing had come to pass. Lloyd-George has come to an agreement with the Irish—or rather, he has just surrendered to the Irish—and granted their demand for a Free Ireland.

How did Baxter know that Ireland would get her freedom just at this time?

He figured it out from the Bible prophecies. I cannot here go into detail and explain HOW he got it from the prophecies, but the fact is that he GOT it, and he got it RIGHT.

It looks like that is enough to convince any reasonable person that the Bible prophets DID foretell future events, and that their predictions are absolutely correct.

Now, Mister Smart-Elick, what have you got to say?

A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE SEA.

Jeems's Rivers!

It is coming to a pretty pass now.

Judging by the turn that affairs are taking at Washington we will all have to get us a house-boat and spend the rest of our lives out on the high seas.

They are going to junk all the navies of the world, and eternal peace will settle down like a benediction over all the seven seas. The oil of peace is going to be so thick over the face of the water that the waves will fall back helpless, and even the wind cannot blow. The Atlantic will be pacific, and the Pacific will be a limitless expanse of calm repose, never again to be broken by the churning of the dreadnaught and the chug of the submarine.

So far so good.

But it seems that nothing is to be done about junking the land armaments. They are going to keep the great armies ready to fight on land. And right here it is worth while to remember that nearly all the fighting and killing in the Great War was done by the land forces. Mighty little sea fighting in it. Even if there had not been a navy in the world in 1914 the war could have been just as bad as it was.

The war gods know this, and they are only planning to junk such things as have become useless.

Oh, well!

If they bring on another big war, it will be some satisfaction to know that the seas are at peace. As I remarked a few minutes ago, we can all get us a house-boat and live out there on the peaceful waves, far from the scene of conflict.

That will be the medicine.

Hooray for hooraw!

Hee-diddle-dee!

Huh?

"SOUL' AND "SPIRIT."

The way some of the theologians mix up the words "soul" and "spirit" reminds me of the cook who couldn't tell buttermilk from gasoline. She made up her biscuit dough with the automobile fuel and put it on to bake. They picked up some pieces of the stove over in the next township, but they never found the cook at all. Something like that will happen to these wise theologians who think soul and spirit are the same thing.

England and France haven't got any money to pay the interest on what they owe to this government, but they have got just plenty of money to build more battleships and raise more armies. Looks funny to me.

A SERMON ON CRANKS.

Well, honey, it seems to be about time for a "Sermon on Cranks." So I will crank up my mouth and utter a few timely remarks.

The world is full of cranks.

You are one.

I am another.

You can hardly find a man or woman living who isn't a crank about something. If it ain't one thing it's sure to be something else.

Maybe I have some particular hobby that I ride to such an extent that others call me "cranky" about it.

And the people that call me cranky about one thing seem to me just as cranky about something else.

And so it goes.

But what is a crank, after all?

There ought to be some way of describing the critter so he could be identified.

Here is how I describe him:

A crank is anybody that rides a different hobby from the one I ride. Also anybody that opposes my hobby or talks slighty about it.

For instance, if I am a medical doctor, my hobby is pouring various kinds of dope into peoples bellies to cure what don't ail them. Or it may be squirting maggot-juice under their skins to make them "immune" from maggot-bites. And anybody that comes along preaching against drug-doping and vaccination is a "crank." See?

Again, if I happen to be an army officer, with a life-time's training in the art of killing people, anybody who opposes war and militarism is a crank.

Or if I happen to be a reactionary politician, getting a fat salary from a reactionary government, of course any man who dares to criticise me and my kind is a crank. No matter how bad we need criticising, it mustn't be done. Simply because the majority of people are reactionaries, and we happen to be in the majority, we take refuge behind the collective will of that majority and think ourselves immune from criticism. Hence all people who see things different from us are cranks.

But it never occurs to us other people have rights, and that our conduct looks just as cranky and foolish to them as theirs looks to us.

Jesus Christ was a crank.

All of his followers were cranks.

Every man who has blazed a new trail for civilization has been a crank, and has been cussed and abused by fifty-seven varieties of other cranks.

A crank is only a crank so long as he is in the minority—so long as his cause is weak and unpopular. Just let his cause accumulate adherents enough to give it some show of strength and popularity, and then watch how quick he ceases to be a crank in the eyes of the world.

Yes, honey, I am a crank.

And you are, too.

So what's the use to fuss about it?

Huh?

PARAGRAPHS.

The nations have got the war-bull by the tail and are trying to find some way to turn loose. Our leaders at Washington conference are saying among themselves, "Let's turn loose just a little."

I'm sorry. There was a hard wind in North Carolina the day that old Foch passed through, and it blowed away his tracks before the jingo-snorters had time to spade them up and pickle them in baby-blood. And there is another great opportunity gone forever. Don't it beat bobtail?

These-here professional "news writers" are amusing kusses sometimes. They are trained in a sort of literary camouflage and their main object is to conceal whatever glimmer of an idea might be loafing around the place. If I couldn't express myself better and in fewer words than the "news writer" does, I'd go and get a job as official fool at the insane asylum

Some good peaceable and well-meaning boys have been trapped into joining that blood-thirsty bunch of bombastic Big Ikes known as the American Legion. I am sorry for such fellows. They don't seem to know what they have got into. As to the official military bucks who dominate the organization, they are a disgrace to the name of America. They represent the true spirit of America just about as much as farmer's hog-pen represents the refinement of his wife and daughters. Just don't represent it at all.

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I have often noticed that the less a preacher knows the more fuss he can make. His brains evidently leak down into his chest and all turn to lungs.

I notice that the people who talk about the advantage of being poor are always willing to give somebody else that advantage. Take a piece.

The way orthodox churchanity makes goo-goo eyes at this-here pay-triotic plutocracy reminds me of a barrel of dried fish trying to make love to a keg of nails.

Senator Capper's Man Friday has rolled up his sleeves to try to demolish Socialism. And his poor little argument reminds me of a dry-land terrapin trying to convince a whale that the ocean is made out of saw-dust.

A WATCHMAN ON THE TOWER AND WHAT HE SEES.

Close students of the Bible, who have familiarized themselves with its teachings have been watching the world movement of the last few years, and most especially since the breakdown of 1914, and have been suggesting from time to time that a great change in world affairs are due, and that "Gentile time" has ended, and that a new order of things are to have their beginning from this date.

To be sure very few people, comparatively, have paid any attention to these suggestions, and the great world leaders have poo-pood the idea, and have gone ahead apparently in full confidence that they could, and would have everything fixed directly, and that the world would soon forget all these things, and enter on another period of "business as usual."

But the world persistently refuses to forget, and not only are we not entering another era of brisk commercialism, and business as usual, but all known facts persist in hammering into our reasoning faculties that something is radically wrong, and is not only refusing to right itself, it is refusing to be righted, and is rapidly growing worse every day.

The entire European continent is on fire, figuratively speaking, and millions upon millions of the people over there are starving and freezing. Disease and death stalk over the land, and miseries unimaginable to any who have not been eye witnesses of them, are so universally present, that no sound, or dependable compact or federation can be entered into with them, even though most anything would be better than what they now have.

We see just recently one ray of promise in this situation. We do not know how far this ray of promise is going to serve to light the pathway of those men who are now deliberating in Washington on this monstrous problem, but if it should enter their minds, and find lodging there "That the present world regime actually broke down in 1914, and that patching it up to do further service is absolutely out of the question," then some good may result from this gathering. Otherwise the whole scheme is going to prove a miserable failure.

It was charged that the gathering at Versailles absolutely ignored God; that his soverignty was not even acknowledged, that his name graced not a single line in all the recorded deliberations of that body.

Whether this is true or not true, we are not in position to say with authority; but we all know what happened to the efforts of that body. It certainly came to naught, and for that reason, if for no other, we are inclined to believe the charge. That same thing will happen to this present gathering if it leaves out of consideration the guiding influence of the world's Creator, director and redeemer.

Neither will it do very much, if any good to just casually mention the name and verbally acknowledge the Supremacy, without submitting plans, and purposes in accordance with his will and purpose.

We need not stand still at this crucial period, and deliberate as though something might sometime happen. Something is already happening. We need not try to put up a good face, and appear optimistic, and manifest an attitude of indifference toward the expressed fear of some so-called pessimist, that the old ship of civilization might sink. There is no might—something—about it. The old ship is already sinking.

We are rushing headlong into a period of anarchy just as fast as time is passing, and there is no time to delay if we hope to turn the course of events. We cannot dally with these matters, and persist in pursuing the same course that brought these things about and hope to escape the consequences. We hear men say, some times, "These conditions are the result of the war, and will soon pass off." This is not true. The war was a result of the conditions that brought it about, and not itself a condition at all.

Never in the history of the world has there been so much deception, so much hiding or covering up of the actual workings of our men in high places.

Never before has there been a time especially in the history of our country, when men in high authority actually tremble when they contemplate what will most likely happen when the people of this great country find out what has been done to them, and how deceptively it was done.

There is only one explanation of all this, and it is found in Rev. 17th chapter. The nations are drunk, on the filthiness of fornication, they are mad grafters and robbers, who have wrecked civilization, and the secret intrigues of their nefarious doings are now being proclaimed from the house tops.

If we haven't got the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet at this present time, then how much worse condition must we look for, in order to recognize it?

S. S. DUNLAP.

Waxhaw, N. C., Route 1.

(In Union Republican)

"BLUETS and BUTTERCUPS"

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor.

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.